The MEDICAL MISSIONARY

St. Francis De Sales
(Feast January 29th)

Vol. III JANUARY, 1930 No. 4

RELIGION AND CHARITY

By Rev. Santa Rita Vaz

RELIGION as I use the word, means the realization of certain values in human life which charity (as the word is commonly used) overlooks. Religion holds God to be the greatest reality of all. It clings to the tenet that the spirituality of the soul is real, that eternity is a reality compared with which time is a transitory phase of existence. It teaches the supreme value of the things that belong to eternity, and consequently places an estimate on the human soul and its interests which transcends all mere earthly values and is not to be measured by them. When brought to bear on social welfare activity, religion disturbs nothing, hinders nothing, hampers or renders more difficult nothing that science or efficiency includes in its program. It furnishes, rather, the inspiration, the soul, the vital force in social activity. For, by putting above all other considerations the value of the individual soul and its eternal interests, it does not condemn the promptings of human pity, it does not cast contempt on the exact methods of the scientific worker, it does not exclude such considerations as civic welfare and decency, it does not despise any good motive that is merely human; but it organizes and articulates all these motives and methods, transfiguring them into something higher and purer and more enduring, into which they are subsumed without losing any of their force or effect. Religion does not aim to supersede any other motive in social work. It claims rather to elevate all lesser motives and breathes into them a purer, higher form of life. It neglects none of the tasks of scientific charity, it is as ready to feed the hungry, to clothe the naked, to shelter the houseless, to soothe the suffering, to console the afflicted. But in doing all these things it keeps ever in view the worth of the human soul and finds its warrant for all its activities in the promise of Christ, "As long as you did it to one of these, my least brethren, you did it to Me."

The time is not so long gone by when the demand was for more scientific method in welfare work. As in manufacture and trade, in transportation and travel, in teaching and in all other arts, so also in charity itself science asserted its legitimate demand for recognition. There was a time when, to take the example of teaching, any one was considered competent to teach who had the requisite knowledge of his subject and a modicum of common sense to guide him in imparting that knowledge. Nowadays, a teacher must have professional training, and it is recognized that there are scientific methods of teaching founded ultimately on the psychology of the human mind, and specially on the laws of growth and development of the child-mind. Similarly it was taken for granted that any one who had a good heart and a fairly good head, and who, above all was actuated with a love of God and of God's poor, was competent to dispense charity and to conduct any kind of work for the welfare of the needy and the afflicted. Then came the realization that there are laws of the aggregate as well as the individual mind, that there are principles sociological as well as psychological, that there are methods and devices peculiar to this sort of activity as well as to others, and science at once entered into this domain of social welfare and charitable work. The advantages to welfare work were undoubtedly great. There is less confusion today, less waste of effort, less overlapping of work. There is more smoothness of the machinery, so to speak, and above all more efficiency.

We are then in an age of scientific charity. It is no longer a question whether religious workers shall conform. They have conformed, and speaking generally, they have conformed without detriment to their work. Science has its place in religious charitable work and no one deplores it, no one would have it otherwise. We have no need to fear it, rather should we welcome its aid. A generation ago there was some misgiving, some lurking fear that science might oust the true spirit of charity and it was a Catholic poet who expressed his scorn of the relief bestowed: "In the name of a cautious statistical Christ." We realize now that science can be made the handmaid, and need not be the mistress of the Christian spirit in charitable work.

The need of the hour, then, is not science in charity. Rather religion in charity. I do not say that science has ruled religion out, for that is not true; but more science calls for more religion; for the ideal is a fair and proper mingling of both. Science, when all due praise has been given it, is cold. Its methods are stiff and inclined to be pedantic. Its devices lack plasticity and are, therefore, in a measure, inapplicable to so fearfully complex a thing as a human soul.

Religion sets a higher motive before the social worker. Science left to itself, is exact, methodical, but lacks the loftier idealism. Its standards are noble, but not the noblest. It learns on principles of economy and social efficiency. Of necessity, it can not reach out towards the full spiritual development of its opportunities. This defect religion supplies. The motive of religion completes that of science; its ideal adds the element of the supernatural, since it views the recipients of its beneficence as children of God. It considers love of one's neighbor to be part of the virtue by which we love God.

Moreover, religion supplies a definite moral motive in charity work. It teaches that every act of charity has its special merit and reward. Even though charity fails, the merit is there and the reward may be hoped for so long as the motive is pure. The impulse to give is a noble trait, it is a characteristic of the noblest and the best. But as a merely human instinct it may fail of its effect, bringing discouragement and the final despair of attaining results. Inspired by the religious motive, this impulse becomes firm and sure of itself, it has its reward in every case. For though the object of charity prove unworthy, the giver finds consolation and assurance in the words "I was hungry and ye gave me to eat." Again, the religious motive best secures those qualities in the social worker which insure success. It gives courage, sincerity, humility; it gives the widest sympathy, the spirit of self-sacrifice, it inspires a heroism that does not stop at the sacrifice of life itself.

Now religion, like every other thing that is good may be abused. And religion may be abused in social-welfare work, as when it is made a cloak for inefficiency. There is no reason why the religious worker should not welcome all the aid that science can afford. Religion should not be made an excuse for slipshod methods or indiscriminate giving. Though its motive is supernatural, its devices should be practical and come up to the standard of technical efficiency. Religion is abused when it supplants individual charity. There was something fine in the old idea that the actual personal handing out of food or alms to the poor brought somehow a special blessing to the giver. This kind of relief is now performed by organizations. But it would be a pity if the individual considered that after his contribution to the organization is made, his relation to the less fortunate ends. Neither organized charity nor organized religious charity should deprive the individual of doing his share from time to time in his own way, and best of all in such a manner that only the Father who seeth in secret can reward him.

When the plaint of distress is heard, when poverty and sickness and want stretch out their pleading hands, then one and all, without distinction of caste or creed should turn with equal promptness, and, according to their resources, dispense of the means furnished by the more fortunate to meet the wants of those whom fortune has not favored.

And so may it always be, religion aiding natural humanitarian effort, and science aiding both in the noblest of all endeavors, the effort to benefit suffering humanity.—*Bombay Examiner.*

The MEDICAL MISSIONARY

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Editor: Dr. Anna Dengel

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EDITORIAL

A NEW YEAR'S WISH

AS WE go to press, the old year is gone and the new with all its hopes and mysteries is before us. At the threshold of 1930, we ask God to bless our work and to give our friends and benefactors whatever is best for them. What more can we wish them?

As we look back on 1929, we must confess that it was a year of hard struggle, because we were obliged to acquire a home for the Society and as we look into the coming year, we can see some of its problems. However, we have a full right of depending on God's Providence, and therefore we are as cheerful as ever.

Medical Mission work is team work in the truest sense; it requires personal service and the financial strength behind the lines. With the help of God and the combined efforts of our Missionaries and our benefactors we can look forward to a year full of work for the good of body and soul of those who come under our care.

We expect to have our annual report of the Holy Family Hospital very soon.

PATRONS OF THE SOCIETY

St. Francis de Sales (Feast, January 29th)

"You catch more flies with a spoonful of honey than a barrelful of vinegar"—is a saying attributed to St. Francis de Sales, who meant it obviously as applicable to souls. As the one and great desire of every Missionary is to draw as many as possible into the safe bark of Peter, the methods promising success are of paramount interest. St. Francis de Sales was an eminently successful Missionary having converted in the space of five years between forty and fifty thousand Calvinists. He used many ways and means, but what led him to victory against these bitter enemies of the Church were his meekness and patience. These two virtues being so necessary for the Medical Missionary, he was chosen as one of the Models and Patrons of the Society.

Dealing with the sick, means dealing with bodies out of tune; the least stern word, the least rough movement cut and hurt and prejudice the patient against those who care for him. The simpler, the more childlike people are, the more sensitive they are in this respect. Scientific methods of treatment are necessary, but administered without sympathy and gentleness they would not be acceptable to the natives in mission countries and above all they would not fulfill their purpose of showing forth the Charity of Christ. And as regards the spiritual side of the work it truly demands an inexhaustible supply of patience. The majority of the pagans or other non-Christians are not spontaneously interested in a new religion which goes against their old and hoary traditions and of adopting a morality which leads along a narrow, thorny path, beset with many obstacles. To overcome this apathy, to rouse a desire for truth, to lead on and up, to go back to those who have weakened by the roadside, to be at the side of the neophytes in their joys and sorrows, all these things require the patience of Job.

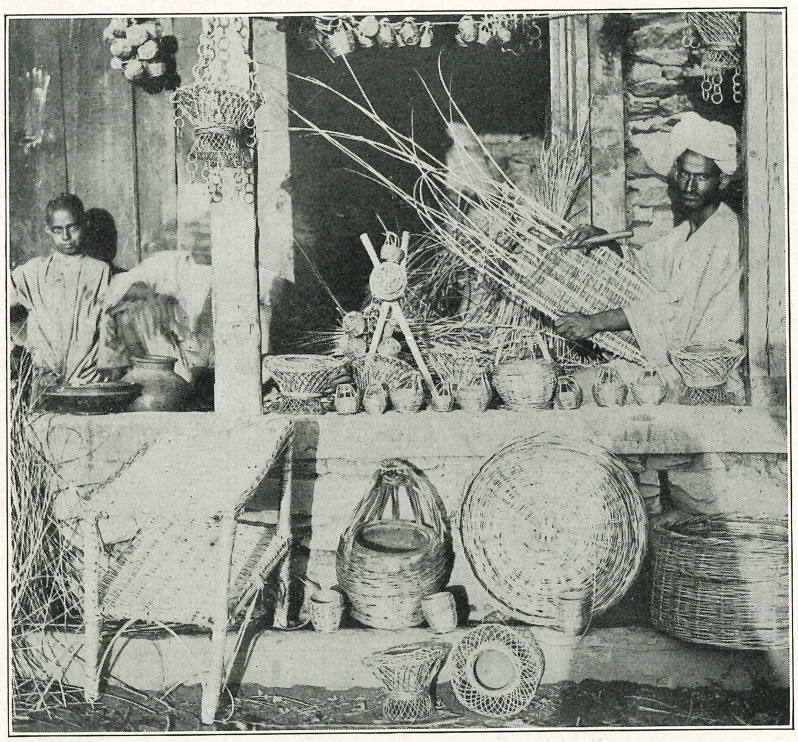
Two other traits in the character of St. Francis de Sales stand out to make him specially a model for Missionaries. They are his extraordinary energy and his versatility. During his years of Missionary work, he endured almost incredible hardships and privations, dangerous journeys, and had to contend with prejudices and hatred often at the risk of his life. By meekness and mildness he changed the most bitter enemies into sincere friends. Later he restored a Church, reestablished the parochial school system of the province, bore the burden of a bishopric, was confessor and director of many souls, wrote books full of such wisdom and understanding that they are as helpful and suitable today as they were to his contemporaries; he founded the Order of the Visitation through whom Our Lord deigned to reveal His Sacred Heart to the world, he never refused to preach, always having in mind the maxim: "Give to him that asketh of thee," "Deal the bread to the hungry" and dreading that reproach, "The little ones asked for bread and there was no man to break it unto them." During an epidemic of plague he won the hearts of the people by his charity, assisting the sick and the dying at all hours by day and by night not deterred by fear of infection. When he heard that James I of England, who was familiar with his "Introduction to the Devout Life" and "The Love of God," wished to see him, he exclaimed: "Ah! who will give me the wings of a dove and I will fly to the country of saints, but now overwhelmed with the darkness of error. If the duke will permit me, I will speak to the King and will announce to him with the hazard of my life the word of the Lord."

(Continued on page 7)

KEEPING WARM IN THE HOUSE OF SNOW

By Dr. Anna Dengel

SOME people think that India is a hot country, and they are quite right, it is so, and extremely so, in spots and at times. One must not forget, however, that the Himalayas, "The House of Snow," are in India and that they are a realm of perpetual snow and ice, the greater part of which has never been disturbed by human footsteps or tarnished by the smoke of chimney stacks of modern industrialism. Just to see them from afar is a sight which in majesty and granduer can not easily be compared to anything else. In valleys and up to a certain height there are human habitations. The mode of life along the 1,500 - mile long range of mountain giants varies greatly. I am only familiar with the vale of Kashmir, where I often gazed at the Nanga Parbat (25,000 feet high), the fifth highest mountain in the world, which was just opposite the two-room bungalow which was generously put at my disposal by the Mission during my several stays in the land of Lalla Rookh.

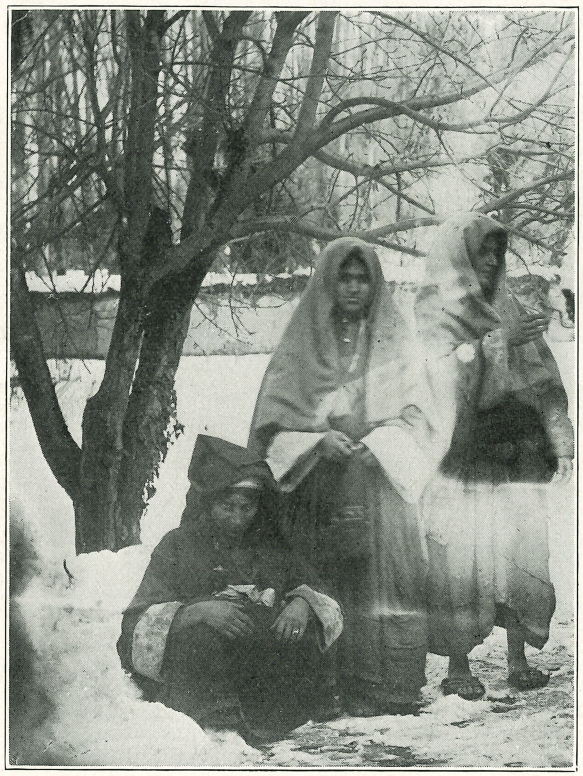


The open basket in the center is a Kangri—Kashmir's portable heating plant. It is hugged tight by day and by night with the inevitable result of causing many burns.

How do people live in the winter in Kashmir? I asked myself. In December and January it snows so heavily at times that the roads to India are impassable. The cold resembles that of the Alpine regions. In the Valley of Kashmir, where there are about 2,000,000 inhabitants, the houses are built of wood on a foundation of sunburnt brick. In the summer the people live upstairs where it is roomy and cool, and in the winter they move downstairs to occupy one side of the house, whilst the domestic animals are sheltered in the other and thereby also warm up the place. To add to this precarious heat, the Kashmiris have a portable stove, a so-called Kangri, which consists of an earthenware pot held in a wicker basket. This Kangri full of live coal is hugged tight by day and by night, with the inevitable result of causing many and often severe burns. I have seen many deformities as the result of these burns, for instance, a boy whose arm had united to the side of the body on account of neglect of proper treatment. I was told that many babies die as the result of burns, the mothers holding the baby in one arm and the Kangri in the other, in dangerous proximity. The Kashmir houses have windows in the sense of openings, but no glass in them or adjustments for opening and closing them. In the summer they are open, hail, rain, or blazing sun; in the winter they are pasted up with thick paper to keep the air out. The men, who have woolen frocks, so-called ferrins and large woolen scarfs, go out and so get their share of oxygen, but the women cower indoors, away from sunshine, light, fresh air and the splendor of the most magnificent snow landscape in the world. The result is that their beauty, so renowned, is spoiled by sallowness, anemia, a hundred and one diseases due to deficiency of proper food, light and air, and this in a country where everything grows easily and abundantly, where nature has lavished her gifts most plentifully. One disease more common among women in Kashmir than anywhere else is osteo-malacia, a softening of the bones, which is very painful and disabling and leads finally to utter helplessness. I have seen such pictures of misery cowering in the corner of a dark room unable to move, pain looking out of the sunken eyes, appealingly, nay heartrendingly beseeching you to help them, for the sake of the children they plead; and yet what is to be done? It is a whole vicious circle, customs of seclusion, poverty, housing, ignorance.

Yet slowly, light will dispel the darkness, if torch-bearers are to be found.

In the summer, men and women and children come in great numbers to the dispensary, but in the winter only a few men come for medicine for the family; the majority just wait till it gets warm. And you can not blame them, they have no warm clothes, no snow-shoes, no umbrellas, no limousine to step into, and the lesser of the two evils, therefore, is to stay at home and use household remedies, some of which no doubt are good, and for the rest wait patiently till it gets drier and warmer. If we would allow our imagination a flight into those homes, what a different picture from our own surroundings would we see, not necessarily unhappy but poor, not in the sense of money, but in the sense of life. No Christmas, no contact with the outside world, no vigor that comes from physical exercise, no special ambitions or interests except the next meal. The babies, of course, are the pride and delight of the mothers. Reaper death, however, snatches many of these hot-house plants during the winter; few of these receive baptism, whilst during the summer months the mothers bring their little patients to the Mission Dispensary full of hope; whatever is possible is done for them; to those for whom there is no chance of recovery the portals of Heaven are opened.



Not a common event: Kashmir women despite cold and snow venture to the Mission Dispensary.

For the women winter time is almost like a hibernation. Keeping warm is their great problem. How glad they must be when the rays of the sun warm up the temporary paper window shutters, when they can cut them through and enlarge the opening, day by day, allowing more and more air to come in and see the carpet of wild irises spread over the fields and roadsides, the young leaves of the poplars and willows which form a regular lace curtain along the riversides and pathways and in the distance the delicate, indescribably beautiful pink hues of stretches and stretches of almond and peach blossoms and as a framework of it all, the glistening whiteness of the snow-capped mountains. However, meeting the women, it strikes one sometimes as if they had eyes and could not see. It is a pathetic blindness caused by a life of stagnation. Visiting a certain home of a Kashmir teacher of the Mission school, I met his wife, who did not show any signs of having shared, in the least, her husband's educational advantages. She had a baby on her arm, and a small child clinging to her ferrin (frock). Both children had sore eyes. Seeing the primitiveness of the situation, I advised the mother to wash the children's eyes several times a day with luke-warm water. As she did not seem to understand me, I asked her husband to explain it to her. "Explain it to her," he said, "what is the good, they are only blocks," meaning women.

Kashmir is one of the first-class beauty spots on this planet of ours, but, like every nook and corner, it has its problems, not one of the least is keeping warm in the winter and to keep the wolf from the door. It is a rich country, but ignorance of the majority still keeps the people in dire poverty. By religion the greater number are followers of the prophet, but ruled by a Hindu Maharajah.

There are two Catholic missions there, one in Srinagar (the capital), the other in Baramulla, both in charge of the Mill Hill Fathers. In Baramulla there are also sisters, the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary, who in their beautiful white habits fit most beautifully into the landscape. Besides conducting a flourishing dispensary and an orphanage, they have Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament every day, to force Our Lord, so to say, to radiate His love and mercy on all the inhabitants of this earthly paradise, to warm their hearts, that in God's own good time they will be drawn irresistibly into the fold of the One True Shepherd.

Promote the care of the sick in Mission countries by spreading "The Medical Missionary." Address: Catholic Medical Mission House, Brookland, D. C., U. S. A. Subscription $1 a year.

THE SOCIETY AT HOME

ON DECEMBER 21st, the Feast of St. Thomas, the Apostle of India, Dr. Dorothy Finnigan, Sister M. Frances Herb, R.N., Sister M. Therese McCardle, R.N., and Sister M. Helen Herb, R.N., made their Solemn Promise and took the Mission Oath. V. Rev. Michael Mathis, C.S.C., our ecclesiastical Superior, presided and Rev. John Delauney, C.S.C., preached the sermon, in which he dwelt on the beauty and obligation of the evangelical counsels of poverty, chastity and obedience which the new members were taking upon themselves and also upon the soundness of the Medical Mission vocation, as Our Lord Himself, the Divine Physician, had led the way.

On January the 14th, the four new members will sail on the S. S. *Augustus* to Naples and from there go to Rome, where they will stay for a week and hope to see the Holy Father to receive his blessing for our Society and our Benefactors. Two Holy Cross Sisters destined for Bengal will be also in the party. The band of six missionaries will sail from Naples on February 2 and expect to reach Bombay on February 17. From Bombay our Missionaries have a 54-hour train ride to Rawalpindi, which is in the far north of India. They will have to carry their own bedding; there are no nicely made up beds and obliging Pullman porters in India, although traveling by mail train is indeed quite comfortable. The windows, for instance, have plain glass, smoked glass, fine mesh wire-netting and shutters to provide for all exigencies. Meals are provided along the way and iced drinks are sold on the trains. A cup of hot tea, however, is the safest beverage.

Our Mission Band: Sister M. Therese McCardle, R. N.; Sister M. Helen Herb, R. N.; Dr. Dorothy Finnigan (dentist); Sister M. Frances Herb, R. N.

In a young Society like ours, the departure of four is a big event which leaves a big gap in the house; however, we are glad to send them and only wish we had a much greater number to go. Before Christmas we made an appeal for the traveling expenses of our Missionaries and we are glad to say that the goal was reached. We can not thank our benefactors enough for going along with us so nicely step by step; it gives us great confidence for the future also. In mission work, more than in any other, the combination of personal service and the providing force behind the lines are necessary. It is combined effort in the truest sense.

Christmas at the Medical Mission House was as happy as previous years. At the kind invitation of V. Rev. Michael Mathis, C.S.C., we went to the Holy Cross Foreign Mission Seminary for Midnight Mass and on our return sang Christmas carols at our Crib. Our Crib is a work of Tyrolese art; including the shepherds and their flocks, the magi, their attendants and the camels, we have about 80 beautifully carved figures. Unfortunately, we have no room just now to put the Crib up to full advantage, but, nevertheless, we are very proud of our Christmas Crib, it is so devotional and so realistic.

Santa Claus has quite a task locating us, considering that this is our third house, but we were so glad to be able to tell him this time that we will be at the same address next year, the place being our own now. He is always so good to us and knows exactly what we like best. This year he brought us a good number of books, telling us, however, to be generous and divide them between our house here, Rawalpindi and our new Mission in Bengal. Our library is still very small. The books we like best are spiritual, medical, nursing, ethnology, general information, biographies, books on travel and description of countries, and good fiction. Since we moved into this house, we started a regular library system, we built shelves and now we are anxious to fill them by degrees. In a moment of super-generosity, we gave our Catholic Encyclopedia as a nucleus of our library in India, hoping that some day somebody who does not use it, or has two, would donate us one here; but it has not happened yet.

Address of our Missionaries in India: Holy Family Hospital, Murree Rd., Rawalpindi, Punjab, India.

PATRONS OF THE SOCIETY

(*Continued from page* 3)

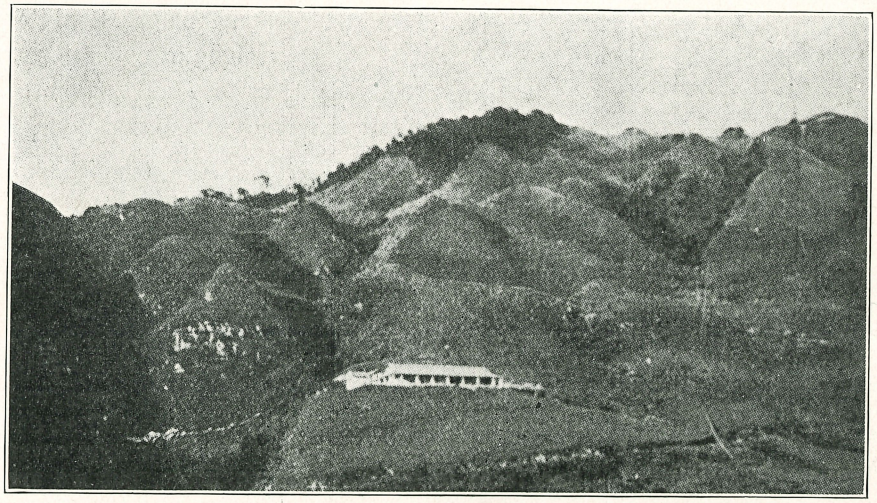
Towards the end of his life he was even asked to accompany embassies and to attend royalty. Exhausted by labors and fatigue he fell a victim of apoplexy whilst in Lyons, where he wished to be taken to the poor cottage of the gardener of the Visitation. The rude surgery of the time applied barbarous remedies, blisters, hot irons on the back of his neck and a caustic to the crown of his head which caused him great agony, but which he bore with heavenly patience. Though shedding tears from the excessive pain, he kept repeating: "Wash me, O Lord, from my iniquities and cleanse me from my sin. Still cleanse me more and more. What do I do here, my God, separated from Thee?" He also consoled those around him saying: "Weep not my children; must not the will of God be done?" After receiving Extreme Unction he died A. D. 1622, in the 55th year of his age, on the evening of the Feast of the Holy Innocents, as they were reciting the litany of the Saints and had come to the Petition: "Holy Innocents pray for him."

St. Francis de Sales lives on as a great Saint in Heaven, as a writer whose books are never old and helps souls in all stations of life and above all in his beloved Order of the Visitation which breathes his spirit of sweetness, meekness and love of God and man.

The Editor had the privilege of being educated in the Visitation Convent of Thurnfeld in the Austrian Tyrol and of becoming acquainted with several other monasteries of the same Order in different parts of the world. Everywhere the advice of their holy founder: "Let an unalterable meekness and sweetness in all events by habit become natural to you" is felt as the dominant trait of his spiritual daughters, who thereby radiate a broadness, a peace, and a calm, which create an atmosphere so conducive to growth and action. May the amiable Saint intercede for us in Heaven and help us to move among the people confided to our care with gentleness and love.

A STITCH IN TIME SAVES NINE

IN "les Missions Catholiques" of November the first, there is an interesting article on Mâu-Son (Tonkin on the Indo-Chinese Border) and rest for Missionaries. What is better for the health of the Missionary, the pocket-book of the procurator and for the carrying on of the work, says the author, Rev. Joseph Villebonnet of the Paris Foreign Mission, three weeks' stay in the mountains or a hurried trip home with the necessity of a speedy return? After many discussions of the pros and cons, the pros for a rest house for Missionaries won the day. Most Missionaries are in absolute need of a convalescent home, because few escape one or the other of the common diseases of the Orient, malaria, dysentery, etc. The getting over the actual attack is one thing, the shaking off of the after effects is another. Only proper rest, tonics and suitable care can assure the latter. And who knows how much Missionaries suffered in the past and how much work had to remain undone when simple common sense helps were not available. But apart from the need of recuperating, there is the need of prevention. We have at last come to the stage of medicine when the saying, "Prevention is better than cure" is being taken seriously. People at home, who live in a healthy climate, who work under conditions which suit the average individual and who have relaxation every now and then, find it necessary to take a rest and to have a change, how much more Missionaries, who live under the strain of an unaccustomed climate and work, often unsuitable food and a combination of depressing circumstances. No doubt many Mission Societies have ways and means of procuring rest for their Missionaries, but few to our knowledge have definite homes for convalescence and rest.



Rest house of the Missionaries (Paris Foreign Mission Society) in Mau-Son, Tonkin, on the border of Indo-China.

On the principle of physical necessity and of safeguarding as much as possible the health of our Missionaries, our constitutions provide for an annual holiday of four to six weeks, which are not optional but obligatory. Our Missionaries are fortunate; being near Kashmir, they can enjoy an invigorating and pleasant holiday at a very modest cost.

SOME PUNJAB LIVESTOCK

By JOANNA LYONS, *M. D.*

WHEN I came to Rawalpindi, I noticed that the first part of the city was a big open space where scores of camels were lying down and eating from flat boxes or standing up and dining off the trees. Camels are prominent citizens here and one is apt to meet a string of them anywhere about, except on a kind of boulevard called the Mall, which snobbishly excludes these queer animals. It was in a town near here that a British soldier sat by the roadside and watched a hundred or two of them going by, becoming more disgusted all the while until finally he said: "And to think that I paid tuppence at home to see *one* of them!"

Although camels are more picturesque, cows are more numerous and are really the elite of the animal kingdom in the estimation of the Indian people. They all have humps on their shoulders—no ordinary "bossies" are to be seen out here at all. They do nearly all the work that horses and tractors do at home and, of course, give milk, which is a very important food to the many Hindus who abstain from meat and eggs. A pleasant young man who goes by the euphonious name of the "doodwalla" (meaning milkman), drives a couple of cows to the kitchen door morning and evening and milks them there before the eyes of the cook. This method gives one the best chance of getting fairly clean milk and no water, though I regret to state that the pleasant young man has been caught once bringing water in his pail and once bringing bazaar milk—dirty and dangerous stuff—to swell the volume of the produce. Sometimes these doodwallas have a leather bag of water inside their sleeves and from this make unseen contributions to the milk pail. If you catch them in these tricks, they always have some kind of excuse ready. An Irishman is supposed always to have an answer to give, but his readiness isn't a circumstance to that of an Indian in a tight place. If his excuse insults your intelligence and you tell him so, he will promptly produce another. This is a very interesting country.

Another prominent animal here is the buffalo, an ungainly beast of the general architecture of a cow, but much bigger and with a nearly hairless black skin. They are so strong that they can knock down an elephant and at the same time be as meek as any lamb. Their work is to draw heavy loads and to give great quantities of strong-flavored milk and their joy is to find a pond or stream and sit or stand in the mud and water so that only their heads or noses are above the surface. They are the awkwardest of animals and when occasionally one feels happy and frisks a bit in a narrow street he becomes a problem.

The tiny donkeys trotting along with their huge loads are the quaintest and nicest of all. Sometimes one sees a big man astride on one of these, having to bend his knees so that his feet will not touch the ground. Out in the country one occasionally sees a group of a woman and a child on a donkey with a man walking alongside and leading it. It is a vivid reminder of the time when one of these humble creatures bore the Lord in safety from the reach of the angry king.

One thinks of India as having many snakes, but just here they are not plentiful. An American woman doctor described a curious scene she witnessed in her district. She happened to go to a house where a man had been bitten by a snake, probably a cobra. A cobra, as you know, is no thing to let bite you—you may be knocking at the pearly gates half an hour after he strikes. At any rate the man was dead and some kind of snake charmer or witch-doctor sat before him with a live snake of the same species. He was showing the snake the dead man and endeavoring to make him forgive him and undo the mischief done. But the snake only shook his head and the poor man had to stay dead. Ordinarily here, burial would take place within a few hours or half a day at most after death, but the snake charmer kept up this performance until the third day.

A lizard shares my room. He is a bright little chap—nothing unpleasant about him. At night when the desk lamp is lighted, he comes into the circle of light and stalks the various bugs that are attracted thither. I feel like cheering him when he gets a mosquito, but I don't know how to cheer in Urdu and he probably wouldn't understand "Atta boy"!

Twice centipedes have come. So far as I know, if you leave them alone, they will leave you alone, but occasionally they sit down to rest in shoes or upon clothes that are hanging up—things the lizards never do.

Indians, more particularly, Hindus, will not willingly destroy animal life as a rule. In a visitation of locusts, some time ago, the orthodox were put to great trouble in safely escorting out of their unscreened houses the multitudes of these things that came in and settled all about. Even the bugs that dwell in the crevices of beds have their comfort looked after. I have heard more than once that a well-to-do and orthodox Hindu or Jain will sometimes hire a coolie for a few annas to sleep in an infested bed and provide the "beasties" with a square meal.

Some of those who aspire to great perfection in the observance of the principle that forbids the destruction of life will cover their noses and mouths lest they inhale a living thing and so destroy it. We rude people of the West may cover our faces in an influenza epidemic, but we are concerned about what the bug may do to us, not what we will do to him.